

How To Get A Kick From Dying

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Summary: On thinking about the life of a Drone I thought up this little oneshot.

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A little oneshot I thought up while musing on the life of drones. I would like to thank Mathen Nors who beta read this for me, thankyou!

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The sky was blue the sun was shiny. A perfect day for a Drone group about to get their rear kicked by a bunch of humans and possiblyâ€|nah the Demon wouldn'tâ€| couldn't. Anyway your gonna die one way or another. Ahh, anyway, life was perfectâ€| while it lasted.

The fight point was drawing near and the Grunts were calling things in their squeaky language like, "hand me your will, make sure its addressed and signed. Yep, aha, HEY THIS ISN'T SIGNED!" Well they might as well have been.

All Drones had goals from taking out the trash every morning to becoming a drone so high in status as to sit with the Prophets. Well this Drone didn't have a goal he had a mission. Soon it would be put into action, yes_ very _soon.

The group buzzed playfully along the dirty streets, a handful of Jackals accompanied them. Although no one took notice _most_ Drones had names, well sort of. You see Drones just addressed each other without keeping the names. For instance one Drone meets another and calls him Bob and then the next person he meets he calls Bob and so

on. No one can really be bothered to memorise names when they're about to die.

The particular drone we are following was leaning against the roof of a building to write on a piece of paper. Once satisfied with the result he joined the group below looking rather enthusiastic. Along the way to their destination he was extremely protective of this branch of paper.

At the take off zone the Drone stuck some standard issue Drone gum in his mouth before readying himself. On the signal the Drone took flight along with the rest. Over the wall the Drone squadron entered a courtyard area just a little small for a human pelican to land. The Drone settled on a rooftop looking for his private target he settled on a green armoured individual. Taking the SID gum from his mouth and sticking it on the paper, the Drone took his plasma pistol and took flight for the last time.

While the individual was distracted with the rest, the Drone took time to hover behind him and stick the piece of paper on his back, then, his personal mission complete, shot rapidly with his gun. As you can imagine the next thing to happen was basicallyâ€|SPLAT!

However the mission went down as one of the best pranks eva' in Drone pranking history. The Drones short-lived lives were filled with the unique laughter of the Drones due to this. For the piece of paper stuck to the demon's armour did read:

Kick my filthy human butt!

Hahahahahaha
bahahaha!

* * *

>Later |<p>"Er | Master Chief?" A male marine spluttered between chuckles.<p>

"What?" MC asked, turning round.

The poor marine couldn't speak properly so signalled for the Chief to turn around.

_Aw! _The Chief thought and muttered. "That's going to take ages to scrape off."

At this the group of nearby marines exploded in a frenzy of laughter. Cortana joined in much to the annoyance of MC.

"15 minutes 47 seconds for him to notice, dude!" called a marine who high fived another marine.

End
file.